

Religious Intelligencer.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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VOL. VI

SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

LONDON HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 188.)

I was called on by two converted Catholics, part of the fruit of the School at B—. One of them, B— S—, a respectable looking old man, came to thank me for a pittance I had sent him (from the treasure of a friend) when his aged wife was labouring under an indisposition which closed her days. Speaking of the Saviour, and the light which from his word had visited his soul, his countenance beamed with joy. The whole of this man's family, six in number, except one son, had been brought from Popish delusions to partake of the quickening influence of the Word of life. F—, the late teacher of B— school, being married to his daughter, took particular pains after his own conversion, to turn the attention of this family to the scriptures. Speaking of this subject, the old man observed—"Notwithstanding all this, sir, it was all of the Lord that I was brought into subjection to his truth, for I long read without understanding, and indeed, under the influence of indifference and enmity to the salvation therein revealed." The happy change in the religious circumstances of S—, soon subjected him to the afflictions of the cross. He was by trade, a wheelwright, and he was soon deserted by all his customers. During the period of his wife's last illness, he suffered much from the boisterous importunity of his bigoted neighbours, for refusing to send for the priest, although his wife was as determined against the measure as himself, and she was attended by the Protestant Minister of the parish. As she approached her dissolution, the outcry of his neighbours against him increased, and his son, who continued under the delusions of his education, having taken liquor to excess, threatened his father with vengeance should he refuse admittance to the Priest, whom he resolved to bring immediately; the expostulations of the father were vain, and the son set off in quest of the Priest. Providentially, the accomplishment of the object of his embassy was delayed until the spirit of the poor woman took its flight. Some time after, the son arrived, announcing the approach of the priest. His father

informed him that his mother was no more; and as, according to their own principles, anointing was for the dying not for the dead, he begged he would run to bear the intelligence to the priest, and prevent his taking further trouble; this the son refused, and the priest arrived. Old S—, told him, on his entering the house, that he had been sent for in opposition to his wish; nor was it the wish of his late wife to see him, or partake of any of his religious rites: that his son undutifully opposed him with violence, and went for him; but now as she was dead, he presumed the controversy was at an end. The priest insisted on seeing the corpse, and went into the room where the body lay, accompanied by the son and a crowd of the neighbours. He raised up the arm of the deceased, and letting it fall immediately, pronounced that life yet remained, and called out "could any of those present procure some holy water?" One of the neighbours instantly ran home, and shortly returned with a bottle of this precious liquor. In the interim, the priest and S—, had a smart contest on the matter of fact, whether the woman was dead or not: the priest frequently referring to the experiment of raising and letting her arm fall, to support his allegation that life still remained. In vain old S—, appealed to the senses of all the spectators then present; but a decision derived from the testimony of the senses, could not be admitted in contradiction of the ipse dixit of a priest. On the arrival of the holy water, the priest scattered it profusely on the corpse, and commanded all in the room to fall on their knees to pray. He was instantly obeyed by all but S—, whose heart was pained and ears dinning with Ave Morias and Pater Nosters (how appropriate these were to the exigencies of the case, I leave the principles of Popery to decide.) The priest, after again resorting to the experiment with the arm of the corpse, and exhausting the residue of the bottle of holy water, without further ceremony took his leave. Towards the time of interment, poor old S—, was involved in new troubles. His catholic son, backed by the unanimous suffrage of the mob, insisted on having the corpse interred in the Popish burying ground; and S—, as strenuously contended, that agreeably to the wish she had expressed

while living, she should be interred in that of the Protestants. The matter would, however, have been carried against him by violence, had he not appealed to a neighbouring magistrate, who ordered the attendance of a part of the army; and thus the poor old woman was interred with military honors, and finally removed from the reiteration of superstitious observances over her corpse, which she and her husband had been so recently taught to abhor.

From D. B. an Inspector, July 24, 1819.

The woman of the house where I lodged, thus expressed herself to me some time ago:—"The priest was in this house at confessions, and he met with a Testament in the window, that my little boy got at the free School. He took it in his hand, and asked me where I got that false heretical book? I answered, "It is called the Testament, sir." "Madam (replied he) you need not tell me what book it is, for I ought to know it better than you." I then answered, "I beg pardon, sir, I thought that that book was not a bad book; for I heard my little boy often reading it; and I think that what he read, in it was very good." "It is so good (said the priest) that if you allow your children to read it, or if you keep it in your house, I will punish you with a penance, and cause you to travel to perform stations, that will make you repent of disobeying my orders; and, moreover, I tell you, that all who read this book or any such books, as they call the Scriptures, are in a state of damnation." I then answered, "O sir, it is a great wonder that God would allow such a book as will damn the people." He then said, "You are very inquisitive, madam. The book in itself is good, and God ordered it; but the danger lies in the people that read it. For when people are so presumptuous as to be in the habit of reading the Bible or Testament, they are immediately so wise in themselves, as not to obey the clergy. And now, madam, if any person does not obey the clergy, they cannot be saved, but are heretics turning away from the truth. Now, madam, are you satisfied?" Upon this, I promised that I would not allow any of my children to go to the free school, nor read the Testament; "for, (added she) I was in dread of him, for he was very angry. Now (said she) I have my two children at the free School, and they have the books which they have received there, and the Priest has never spoken to me since about them; and if he did, I think

I should not be such a fool as to obey him; for I find every comfort in my children, since they went to the free school. They do not curse nor swear like children at other schools where they see a bad example; and they are very obedient; and as for the books, I think they are the best books in the world."

From P. C. an Inspector, July 27, 1819.

None but such as we who travel through the country from one house to another, could form a conception of the change made of late in the minds of the people; for where opposition is mostly reigning, there the work of God mostly prevails. Mr. T—— has given me an account of an extraordinary transaction that happened a few days ago. "As I was coming (said he) from S——, I called at a house where I sat for sometime, talking to a few children. I asked if they went to any School? They said that they were going to a free school, where they were getting books and education free; "but (said they) we are in fear that we shall not be suffered to go any more." "Why," said I. "Because the priest spoke against the free school last Sunday." I then stated the impropriety of any person preventing poor children from going to any place where they might get education free. While conversing with the children a woman came in with two men, one of whom went to a window and took up an English and an Irish Testament; when, after looking at them for some time, he expressed himself in the following manner:—"I have had these books in my house for some few years past, during which time, I have often heard my little children read them, and never heard a bad word of any kind read out of them, but a great deal of information to myself and poor little family: and now I must part with them: for, this day, I was with the priest at confession, and he would not let me kneel before him, until I had promised that I would burn these books. I offered to send them away, saying that I did not like to burn them: but it was of no avail. He could not look at me, until I had promised so to do. Now, I do think it a very wicked action. I wish, however, that they were out of the house." The other man who came in along with him, said, that he thought no harm, but rather a service to burn them; then, snatching one of the books, he threw it immediately into a very large fire that was before him, with all the leaves open. "I was sitting (said T——) during the time at the door; but when I saw the

the fire, I ran to save it from being and had the satisfaction of rescuing it from the flames before they had upon it. After taking it up, I began to read part of it to them, and talked with a man who threw it in the fire, about wickedness, in throwing the word of God to the flames, in order to destroy it. He stood for some time, and then got up and threw himself on his knees in the presence of us all exclaiming,—“O! what a sin am I, thus to abuse the word of God!” He continued for some time on his knees, praying and begging of God, to forgive him the great wickedness which he had committed. He then besought ‘T—— to stay all night, offering to send a horse with him the following day; but he could not conveniently comply with his request. He therefore prepared to go, and to bring the books with him, to save them from further injury. But, to our surprise, they immediately took the books out of his hands, and said, that they would not part with them upon any consideration, and that no priest or bishop would ever prevail on them to give them up. And the man who cast the books into the fire, has promised to go up to the place, to spend some time with us, to learn the contents of that book which he attempted to destroy.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Missionary Herald.

MISSION AT BOMBAY.

The present number was in the number we have received a joint letter from the missionaries at Bombay, dated January 1. The health of Mr. Nichols had been in a great measure, restored. Mr. Graves followed their little son to the grave in September. At the close of the following month Mrs. G. became the mother of twins, a son and daughter. Both were born less than three weeks, and the parents were left childless. Within four years the missionaries in Bombay and the vicinity have lost six children, and only four sur-

live. An article of intelligence, in which our friends will feel particular interest, is the expected return of Mr. Bardwell to this country. This measure was recommended by the missionaries, without a dissenting voice, and will be seen by the following extract from the joint letter.

We hope you will not be discouraged, when, to the instances of sickness and death abovementioned, we add,

that brother Bardwell's health is in such a precarious state, that we judge it necessary for him to leave this country, at least for a season. You are already aware, that, about three years ago, he was brought into imminent danger, by a violent attack of the liver complaint; and that he had frequent returns of the same disorder. In September last, he had another attack of the same complaint, and was then advised by his physician, as he had been also in former sicknesses, to try a change of climate, as the most effectual means of restoring his health. He partially recovered, however, from that sickness, and thought it best to make a farther trial of this climate. But his health was so precarious, that it was thought expedient to make arrangements for supplying his place in the printing office, in case of his being obliged to leave Bombay. While the prospect of his continuance with us was remaining in this doubtful state, he was again, about the middle of December, seized with another return of his former complaint attended with symptoms more strongly marked than before; and which, for several days, it was feared, would terminate in an abscess in the liver. God has been pleased to spare his life this time also, and to deliver him, (so far as we can judge,) from immediate danger. But we are convinced, that a fair and full experiment has been made; that the result of four years experience leaves brother Bardwell no prospect of enjoying a tolerable degree of health in this place; and that, if he should continue longer, he would be constantly subject to relapses, and would be in great danger of being suddenly cut off by a return of his disorder.

“On the 22d of December, we all met at brother Bardwell's house; and, after considering his case, it was our unanimous opinion, that he should take passage, as soon as possible, for Bengal; and from thence proceed directly to America; or, in case no seasonable opportunity should be found of getting to any place in this country, which is frequented by American ships, that he should take passage to England.—The reasons for our advising brother Bardwell to return to America were these:

“We thought, after his constitution had been so much impaired by repeated and severe attacks of the liver complaint, nothing short of an entire change of climate would effect any thing more than a partial and temporary amendment of his health. From information which we possessed on the subject, we thought a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and a short residence there,

would be as expensive as a voyage to America, (if managed in an economical way;) while the beneficial effects of the former could not be expected to be equal to those of the latter. We thought also that if brother B. should go home and spend some time there, his health might be so much improved, as to warrant his return to this place again; but that, if it should be judged inexpedient for him to make another trial of a tropical climate, he would still have an ample field before him in the more congenial climate of our own country, in which he could continue to labor under the direction of the Board.

"We hope that the advice, which we have felt it our duty to give brother Bardwell, will meet the approbation of the Board, and that his return will not prove a discouragement to the missionary cause.—We view it as a great affliction—it will no doubt be viewed in that light by all who feel an interest in the conversion of the heathen; but it is an affliction appointed by the wise Disposer of all events; and it becomes us to bear it in submission to His will, and in the assurance that he will cause events apparently adverse, to subserve the advancement of His kingdom and glory."

This extract gives so full and clear an account of the subject, that no comment seems necessary. On the 22d of January Mr. Bardwell and his family embarked for Calcutta, where they arrived March 4th. Had they reached that place a little earlier they might probably have obtained a passage by the Union, a ship which they met in the river, and by which these letters were conveyed.

While at sea, Feb. 17th. Mr. Bardwell wrote a letter to the Rev. Dr. Worcester, in which, after mentioning his embarkation, he proceeds as follows:

"We had not been at sea one week, before my health was evidently improved; and though I am not freed from pain in my right side and shoulder, yet I indulge the hope, that my health will be good by the time I reach America. We shall be necessarily detained in Calcutta a number of weeks; and it may be difficult to obtain a passage to America, when other circumstances may permit us to embark. During our stay in Calcutta, I hope to be able to procure a number of little articles for our printing office, which cannot be had in Bombay.

"The change that a few weeks have produced in our circumstances and prospects, is great; and it is unnecessary to assure you, that in consequence of this change, a new train of reflections, not un-

frequently attended with a degree of anxiety, occupies our minds. Though the duty seemed plain, both to ourselves and to our beloved brethren and friends in Bombay, yet we fear that the great to which we have professedly devoted our lives, may receive injury, by the sacrifices we have taken. We know not what the opinions of our beloved patrons and friends at home. Had it been practicable to have consulted them, we should have been freed from many unpleasant labors. But the result we must leave to the direction of Infinite Wisdom, in the assurance that all things will work together for the good of the church and the glory of God.

"If we are not deceived, nothing but a conviction of duty could have induced us to leave the field, where we expect to have spent our days. And it is our hope, that as long as our lives are spared, they may be devoted to the service of Christ among the heathen.

"My dear Mrs. B. unites, not only to the sentiments of this letter, but in affectionate regard to yourself and family."

On the 6th of March Mr. Bardwell addressed another letter to the Corresponding Secretary, of which we give nearly the whole.

"As the Union is detained in her passage down the river, I have an opportunity of adding another letter to the packet. I am happy to say, that my health still continues to improve, but I fear that the air of Calcutta will be unfavorable. There are now two American ships in Calcutta, the Galatea and the Franklin. I have yet made any definite arrangement regarding a passage to America; but I may obtain one, on board one of these ships. But neither of them will sail earlier than two months from the present time.

"We are now with Mr. Ward, an American gentleman connected with the firm of Ropes & Ward, of Boston. Mr. Ward is very attentive to our wishes and affords every assistance necessary. We expect to take some little house for our accommodation, as we shall be necessitated to remain at least two months.

"The numerous missionary brethren at this place, and the frequency of their meetings, form a very pleasing contrast to the appearances at Bombay. But it should be considered that Bombay is greatly behind Calcutta, in point of religious progress. In this place, the number and influence of Christians is comparatively small. In Bombay the little feeble band is most buried among the multitude of the

health is so much improved since I
Bambay, that I begin to doubt whether
my duty to return to my station by
the earliest opportunity. If I had not ex-
perienced so many attacks of the liver
disease, I should confidently expect,
from my present feelings, that I might en-
joy comfortable health in India, without
the benefit of any further change of air than
already experienced."

It is probable that both the American
and the above-mentioned sailed in June; and
Mr. Cardwell may be expected in October.
It will be a happy circumstance, should his
health be so entirely restored by the voy-
age, to enable him, either to take an ac-
tive part in promoting the cause of mis-
sions among his countrymen, or to join some
other where the climate may be more fa-
vorable than that of Bombay.

The joint letter of the missionaries gives
a particular and satisfactory account of the
schools, and preaching, as con-
ducted at the time they wrote. The print-
ing establishment, in particular, would sus-
tain irreparable loss, by the departure of
Mr. Cardwell. The missionaries had writ-
ten a second time to Mr. Garret, requesting
to join them, with a view to the super-
intendence of their press, as soon as possi-
ble.

The joint letter, which was signed by all
the missionaries, closes in the following
manner.

By the account we have given you will
see, that, since our last communica-
tion, mercies and afflictions have been min-
istered to our cup. We are admonished, by
our experience here, as well as by the
example of one and another of our revered fa-
thers and patrons at home, that the end of
all things is at hand; and that no region
of the earth is exempt from sickness, pain,
and death. May God grant us grace to
understand, in this our day, the meaning of
his dispensations toward us;—to labour
faithfully while we have opportunity;—die
freely to all worldly expectations;—and to
entrust our affections and hopes on that land
of eternal security and rest, which awaits
the faithful servants of God.

On this new year's day, we close our
annual epistle, by wishing you, Rev.
Dear Sir, and all our beloved patrons,
the missionary fraternity throughout
the world, a happy new year."

In a postscript, dated Jan. 19th, it is
stated that Mrs. Nichols had quite recently
become the mother of a daughter, and that
a letter had just been received from the
missionaries in Ceylon, announcing their
determination to establish a mission on the

Coromandel coast, and to set up their
printing press there. Of course, Mr. Gar-
ret could not be spared for the Bombay
mission.

MISSION AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

The Treasurer has received a letter from
Mr. Kingsbury, dated at Natchez, June
27th. It was too late in the season to ex-
pect much pecuniary aid for the missions,
from the inhabitants of Mississippi; though
Mr. K. supposed, that an agent, soliciting
in behalf of these missions, would receive
considerable patronage there, in the course
of next winter. We hope that Mr. K. re-
turned to Mayhew as speedily as possible,
not only because his presence there could
be useful, but because his health would be
less exposed, than while journeying in the
more southern regions. He expresses the
kindest interest, as do the other missiona-
ries, in their various letters, respecting the
safe return of the Rev. Dr. Worcester; the
intelligence of his decease not having
reached Natchez or Elliot. The sorrow-
ful tidings had been received at Mayhew.
Though the members of the mission family
were sincere mourners, they looked to the
Lord of missions for consolation, and were
not dismayed nor discouraged.

Mr. Williams, who has had the princi-
pal charge of the school at Elliot from its
commencement, having become greatly
reduced in health by his indefatigable at-
tention to it, was advised to travel on horse-
back during the month of May, with a view
to his restoration, and to ascertain what the
Choctaws would do, in their different
neighborhoods, for the support of local
schools among them. The result of these
inquiries was, that the inhabitants of a
place called the French Camps, would en-
gage to provide the necessary buildings for
a teacher and a school; to furnish com-
fortable food for the teacher's family, and for
such Indian children as could not eat at
home; and to supply necessary help for
cooking, and for washing and mending the
children's clothes, &c. They would, be-
sides, give the use of land sufficient for cul-
tivation, and would clear ten acres the com-
ing fall, for a garden, and cornfield next
year.

On this representation, the missionaries
at Elliot resolved to open a school at the
place proposed, and appointed Mr. Will-
iams to be teacher. This plan was so
much in accordance with the declared
views of the Prudential Committee, that it
did not seem necessary to wait for further
directions before a commencement should

be made. The school will probably consist of about 25 pupils at first. The arrangements of the missionaries, in regard to this subject, seem very judicious.

A school book, prepared by Mr. Williams, and entitled "Lessons for Indian Schools," will be printed at Boston, if suitable types can be obtained, without too much expense. It seems exceedingly desirable, that, especially for the instruction of children ignorant of our language, an alphabet should be used, in which every vowel sound is expressed by a distinct character, and by one character only.

The letter of Mr. Williams mentions, that hopes were entertained of two boys in the mission school at Elliot, as having experienced religion. Two other boys, and a hired man, were quite serious.

MISSION AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

Toward the end of June, the health of both Mr. Hall and his wife was so feeble, that the school at Taloney had suffered an interruption, and was threatened with a suspension, which would be seriously injurious. A vigorous and active man and woman, devoted to the missionary cause, might be very useful at this place; the man in tilling a small farm by the labor of his own hands, and his wife in managing the domestic affairs of the mission family. Mr. Hall's health is not more than adequate to the faithful care of the school, and Mrs. Hall is extremely infirm.

The labors of the missionaries at Brainerd are so many and various, that they suffer much, especially the females, by excessive care and fatigue.

MISSION AMONG THE CHEROKEES OF THE ARKANSAW.

Letters have been received from Messrs. Finney and Washburn, dated at Little Rock, May 2d. They left Elliot with their families, March 23d, arrived at the Walnut Hills on the 31st, and left that place, towed by a steam-boat, April 8th. In the mean time, Mr. Washburn visited Natchez, spent three days with Dr. Worcester there, and rejoined his family at the Walnut Hills.—A favourable passage up the Mississippi and the Arkansaw had been experienced, and the missionaries hoped to reach the place of their establishment, in a week or ten days. This place had been named Dwight, in memory of the late President Dwight, a distinguished and highly revered member of the Board.

In a postscript to his letter, Mr. Washburn writes as follows:

"Little Rock, May 2nd. We are at this place, about 10 o'clock this morning. We are all in good health, and we hope are all thankful for all the goodness and mercy we receive from our Heavenly Father. One week more, we trust, will terminate our wanderings, and bring us to the desired field of labour and trial. May we experience the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and may we be kept in the love of God, and found faithful unto death."

Mr. Finney writes, under the same date, after entering into various details of his journey, as follows: "We hope that 8 days will carry us to the end of our journey. Thus far the Lord has prospered us on the way, and made it safe, and more expeditious than we expected. We have heard nothing directly from our brethren at Dwight, [Messrs. Hitchcock and Orr,] since we left them in October. Except the Lord has been with them, their comforting presence, their state in our absence must have been very lonely. We shall probably send up our journal and accounts, soon after our arrival at Dwight. In the mean time, may the blessing of our Father's God rest upon you and yours, and upon your unworthy fellow servant."

AFRICAN INSTITUTION.

London, March

Yesterday a meeting was convened at the Freemason's Tavern, of the friends and supporters of this institution. The Duke of Gloucester filled the chair; and we were honored by the presence of Lord Compton, Mr. W. Wilberforce, and others to be present. The subject of the meeting was to receive the annual report of the Directors of the institution.

The chair was taken at about 1 o'clock by his Royal Highness; and Mr. Hall, the secretary, proceeded to read the report, which was of very considerable length. It commenced by deeply lamenting, that, notwithstanding the abolition of the African slave trade by almost every other nation, yet that the inhuman traffic was carried to an incredible extent under the British flag. It proceeded to detail some facts relative to the ill treatment received by the poor wretches, who were torn from the bosoms of their families, and reduced to a French medical pamphlet recently published in Paris, in which an account is given of the Rodeur, a French vessel employed in this traffic, having brought from Guadeloupe a cargo of slaves, all of whom, together with the crew and captain, were on board the ship, excepting one seaman, who

tacked with the ophthalmia, and became blind. The slaves were brought on deck for fresh air, only being allowed half a wine glass full of water per day, and many of them threw themselves into the sea, locked in each other's arms. Some were hanged, and others punished severely, to prevent it, but it had no effect; and the slaves were therefore kept below. The whole of the slaves and crew of another ship had gone blind from the disease; and the ship was left to the mercy of the winds, without any power to direct it. The Rodeur saw its situation, but being themselves nearly in the same condition, were unable to afford relief. The ship has not since been heard of. Another French vessel, the *Jeune Estella*, also a trader in human flesh, was boarded by an English brig, the *Tartar*, and after a long search, two female slaves were found stowed in a hogshead, in the last stage of suffocation. Before reaching the *Jeune Estella*, the captain of the *Tartar* had seen a number of casks floating in the sea, which he now imagined to be also filled with slaves; having gone too far to the leeward, he was unable again to find the casks. The report then continued to observe some attempts which have been made by England and some other powers to put a stop to this inhuman trade, and concluded by alluding to the prosperous state of Sierra Leone at the present moment. In 1820, the population was 12,521, being an increase of 2,956 since 1813; and of these, 2,097, were educating in the schools.

Mr. Wm. Wilberforce, jun. Lord Compton, Sir W. Johnstone, and others, shortly spoke, and the directors of last year were re-elected, with the addition of some new members.

Thanks having been voted to the Royal Chairman, the meeting was dissolved.

AFRICAN COLONY.

It is stated in a Norfolk paper that the Rev. Mr. Bacon, who was one of the Government agents to the American Colony of free blacks forming on the Coast of Africa, with his lady, and Nath'l Peck, one of the Colonists who went from Baltimore, with the first expedition to Sherbro', arrived at that place in the schooner *Emeline*, Capt. Pennington, from Martinique. They left Sierra Leone 16th June, in an English vessel, bound to Barbadoes, whence they proceeded to Martinique, and sailed thence about 15th July for Hampton Roads. Mr. Bacon returned home in consequence of the health of himself and lady, being much impaired previous to their sailing; we are

pleased to state however, that they are much recovered by the voyage.

The agents had effected the purchase of a tract of land from the natives, estimated at between 30 and 40 miles square, situated on the river St. Johns, between 5 and 8 degrees north latitude, and about 300 miles distant from Sierra Leone. It is represented as remarkably healthy and fertile, lies high, and produces rice of an excellent quality, corn and all kinds of tropical grain, and fruits; the water also is very good, and the river furnishes the best fish and oysters in abundance. Coffee, cotton and tobacco of very good quality, grow spontaneously, the first of which is sold at 4d to 5d per pound. We understand that the purchase has been effected upon the most advantageous terms, viz. for an annual supply of rum, manufactured tobacco, pipes, knives, and a few other articles, the total cost of which in this country, would not exceed \$300 per annum. Mr. Wiltberger, the other agent for government, Rev. Mr. Andrus, agent for the Colonization Society, and Mr. and Mrs. Winn, with all the colonists enjoyed very good health and no sickness of a serious nature, had occurred among them from the time of their arrival until the departure of Mr. Bacon. The prospects of the colony were considered as very promising, and afford the highest gratification to the agents and colonists.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[There is living on the island of Woahoo in the Pacific Ocean a black man, named Anthony Allen, from Schenectady in the State of New-York. We have thought the following account of him, which we copy from the manuscript journal of Mrs. Bingham, would be interesting to those, whose attention is turned to the subject of the Mission to the Sandwich Islands. It shows that the inhabitants of those islands, possessing a productive soil and one of the finest climates on the globe, only need the benefits of civilization and the consolations of religion, to make them independent and happy.]

"Yesterday we made our visit at Mr. Allen's.—He has a native wife and two pretty children, the eldest of whom he has taught its letters. He has been very kind in sending us potatoes, squashes, &c.—every morning two bottles of goat's milk, and as often as once in two weeks a goat or kid neatly dressed, besides many other articles of food. He lives so far from us that we cannot benefit his family as we wish. The distance is about two miles. To avoid walking in the heat we made ourselves

ready by ten, locked up our houses and set off. A multitude had assembled by the time we were at the gate, to attend us.—Our little hand cart which we brought from Boston, the only wheels I believe on the Island, served as a carriage for those to whom the walk might prove too great. It was an easy matter to get it drawn by the natives shifting stage as often as we pleased. When we arrived at Mr. A's territories (which were a large inclosure surrounded by a high fence of poles, put into the ground after the native style) we found him at his gate waiting to give us a polite and cordial reception. Within the enclosure were his dwelling, eating, and cooking houses, besides others for his numerous train of attendants. There was also a well, a garden of squashes, and in one part a fold containing a cow, several sheep, and three hundred goats. After setting upon his table decanters, glasses and wine and brandy for our refreshment, he begged to be excused while he could go and prepare dinner. His wife, a pleasant looking native, kept her place in a little room adjoining upon her mats with her little ones. We could talk with her but little, but instructed her in sewing and made her a gown. She remained upon her mats while we went to dinner. The table was set in the American style: the first course was what we call pot or sea pie, well prepared; that removed, boiled pork and fowls, cold meat and tarrow-cakes; then baked pig, afterwards pudding, ending with wine and melons. This was not missionary fare.—All was neatly cooked and in order. We endeavoured to make the afternoon as profitable as we could. He expected to have had his children baptized, but Mr. B. had sent him a letter upon the subject the night before and now by conversing with him alone, satisfied his mind that something more was necessary before his children could be thus given up to God. At the close of the afternoon, we had served up to us in china cups, good coffee and fried cakes. We then, with a present of pork in our little cart, set off for home.—Our walk home was pleasant. The company out-travelled us and left Mr. B. and myself quite behind and alone. While on the plain back of the village, a large company of natives approached us. At the first moment, womanish fear said, there is a heathen band approaching us, and we are solitary and alone. When the train reached us we found it was headed by Capt. Joe, a native, who commands one of the king's schooners. He came up with eagerness to Mr. B. whom he seems to love, and shak-

ing hands very heartily says, "how do you do, sir?—I am very happy to see you, sir—such a good moon, I was going to take a walk, sir."—Then bidding us good night, and telling us he should come and see us in the morning, he left us. He is a pleasant youth, very active, speaks English very well, and has a most kind disposition, and I fondly hope his name may yet come into missionary communications, as a sharer in the blessings sent him and his nation."

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

We are well acquainted with Mr. Goldsmith, the writer of the following narrative, which we copy from the *Con. Journal*, and are willing to vouch for its truth. We have known him as a scoffer of the religion which he now professes:—we now know him as a friend and brother, a bold and strenuous advocate of the truth as it is in Jesus, confounding Infidels and revilers, by proving Christ to be the Son of God, and exhibiting in his life and conversation the power of Religion.

MR. EDITOR—An apology from me may be thought necessary in order to avert the charge of egotism, for coming before the public in a narrative of facts and opinions, which relate chiefly to myself. When it is taken into consideration, that the public are already in some measure acquainted with my case; when it is recollected likewise, that the enemies of the truth have taken advantage of various statements and reports which were not *literally* correct, to declare that the whole affair respecting my being awakened and brought to the knowledge of the truth in an extraordinary time and manner, was a "base fabrication, having no foundation in truth;" thereby endeavouring to make it appear, that whatever I have said respecting the dealings of God with me, and the exercise of my mind was a scandalous attempt to impose upon the credulity of my christian brethren and friends, (not that they have said this in so many words, but their statements imply all this) when these several particulars are taken into consideration, I think every candid mind will acknowledge that a sufficient cause exists for my coming before the public, with a plain statement of facts, relative to my feelings previous to the evening of the 8th of January, 1821, the transactions of that evening and the subsequent exercise of my mind.

In the spring of 1820, when the revival of religion first commenced in New-Haven,

my mind was called up to examine the subject, and see how the case stood with me. I had been taught to believe that the scriptures of the Old and New Testament were the word of God, at least so my parents taught me;—but the natural disposition of my heart always led me to question the truth of any thing which I could not comprehend. I believed that reason was given to man as a sure guide to him and that every thing was to be tried by that standard, and that whatever after a fair investigation appeared to be inconsistent or contradictory, or was not capable of mathematical demonstration, was of a questionable character. Among such things were the Holy Scriptures, and the Religion of Jesus Christ. The scriptures, after (*what I called*) a fair examination, appeared so inconsistent, so unreasonable, and a great part of them so unnecessary, that they could not be true. I was confident that the God I believed in was so wise, great and good, that he never would have sanctioned such a piece of mummery as the Jewish dispensation appeared to be; in fact I believed, or rather wished and hoped, that the whole christian religion and its formation, was the work of Priest-craft. It was in this situation that the revival of 1820 found me; the effect was, to create in me, in addition to my former sceptical feelings, a bitter hatred to the spirit which appeared to be moving on the hearts of many of the inhabitants of New-Haven. I therefore set about to arm myself with all the arguments which could be found: I searched all the works of every infidel which I could find, and my opportunity was great. I read Hume, Voltaire, Gibbon and Paine, and felt as if any man who would believe in the Bible was a fool. I also read many controversial works of different denominations of christians, and heard them dispute on their peculiar tenets. Some declared one thing, and some another totally opposite and contradictory to each other; and each, if we would believe its advocates, was exclusively the doctrine of the Bible. Hoping, wishing and believing that all these contradictory systems could be maintained from the scriptures, I naturally supposed that whatever rule would prove two principles which were directly opposite, to be both true must be a false rule. Thus, by setting out on false premises, I came to a wrong conclusion. In the meantime the spirit of God began to move more powerfully than at any former period; meetings were very frequent, people in general looked very solemn, christians assumed a new appearance, and began to act as if there was a work for them to do; they

began to warn, and to pray for sinners, and sinners began to tremble, and in every heart where satan had the prevailing influence he seemed determined to arouse a corresponding energy, and to awake to new life every evil passion. My heart was one which he led captive at his will, and in which he found no difficulty in awakening a feeling like his own. I hated the Bible; I hated all those who believed it (*if they practised what they believed*;) I hated christians if they were Christ-like; and I cannot but indulge my feelings for a moment, when I state that I have since passed some of the happiest hours of my life in the company of those I once hated, in thanksgiving and praise to him who hath redeemed us and washed us in His blood. This was pleasure that left no sting behind it, and the contemplation of which will be sweet in a dying hour.

But to return to the subject:—I used every means in my power to bring contempt upon religion and those who professed it. If any idle or malicious story got into circulation, I took great pains to spread it; and if I found the story was an untruth I took good care not to contradict it, endeavouring in every case, to misrepresent the motives and actions of those who professed to be christians. I left off going to meeting almost entirely, and as far as was in my power prevented my family from going. In fine, I vented my malice in every way which satan could suggest, or my wicked heart improve. In this state of mind I remained without any material alteration till the evening of the 8th of January. At this time my family were not in town; I had broken up house-keeping, and hired myself out for the winter; but had reserved my evenings to myself, calculating to spend them in dissipation and pleasure, and if possible to confirm myself in the infidel principles I had adopted. On the 8th of January it was thought proper by a number of gentlemen to celebrate the anniversary of the famous battle of New-Orleans, by having a supper and drinking a few patriotic toasts, in honour of General Jackson, and the brave men who gained that victory. The thing was accordingly undertook, and in the course of that day a person called at the store where I was, and invited the gentleman with whom I resided, and myself to attend, and in the evening I attended. A large and respectable party of gentlemen sat down at the table; every thing was conducted with decency and order, and after eating supper and drinking a few patriotic toasts, the principal part of the assembly retired not far from 10 o'clock.

A few with myself, remained at the table awhile longer, singing patriotic and other songs; after some time, two or three of us came down stairs. I sat down in the bar-room, and two or three more retired. Soon after the remainder came down stairs, and part went into the bar-room, and part went into the room opposite and began to sing: the rest soon followed them, and for a few minutes I was left alone; shortly after, however, I went into the other room myself, and they were singing these words:—"There shall be mourning at the Judgment seat of Christ," "O there'll be mourning" &c. chorused by Glory to God, in imitation of the manner of the methodists, who used that hymn in their religious conferences. A moment after I came into the room, while they were singing: the idea that there would be a final judgment, and that there would be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ, and who it would be that would mourn there, came across my mind; and it was manifest to me that myself and the others there engaged with me, would be among the chief mourners on that awful occasion. The feelings of my mind were indescribable, but terrible. Directly after this, before I had said any thing, some one nominated me to preach a sermon; and the observation was made, that as there had been singing and prayer,* the thing could not be complete without a sermon. The impulse could not be resisted, and I endeavoured to describe my views of the subject, and the awful situation in which I saw myself. I warned them, and told them truths of what I believe they will one day be convinced. When I got through which I believe was about one o'clock, I retired, and some of the others also; I do not know but all did, for all left that room. I went home, but not to sleep: my life and character passed in solemn review before me, and it was no pleasing sight. My doubts of the truth of God's word and the gospel of Christ were all gone. I fully believed they were true, and I also knew that I was forever debarred the privilege of being a partaker in the happiness and glory there set forth—at least I thought so: the depraved nature of my own heart was set before me; all the warnings from my parents and from other christians were then remembered; all the warnings I had received from the various dispensations of God's providence by sickness, and narrow escapes from death, seemed to speak as the voice of God, saying,

* There was no one went to prayer, but one mocked an old man who made a singular prayer.

"Because I have called and ye have refused," &c. Proverbs i. 25th 26th and 27th.

My day of mercy was gone by—O, what opportunities I had lost; but there was nothing before me "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Pray I dared not, for every blessing had been offered to me and I had spurned it from me. Thus I passed a sleepless night: in the morning it became necessary for me to form some resolutions, as I was going out into the world, and this thing would not be kept secret: the question would be asked me, and what shall I say? At that moment I believe Satan lent me all his power to make the desperate determination of despair. I saw no prospect of mercy; die I must; and pride said, drive all these things from your mind, and if you must die, do it like a man of courage; drown all such feelings in the bowl, and as you have lived like a fool, die like a madman; accordingly I made the rash attempt, and went to the same public-house where we had passed the preceding evening. There I found some of the same persons with whom that evening was spent, and I endeavoured by every means in my power to drive all reflection from my mind. I endeavoured to make the company believe that the transaction was but the result of a momentary impulse, and that there was nothing on my mind of more weight than common. I drank with them, and endeavoured to join them in all their lightness and mirth; but in the midst of this career to death, conscience resumed its office, and its rebuke was terrible—my resolution and strength failed before it, and I was obliged to leave the place with feelings of great horror. The atrocity of the attempt which I had made to destroy myself, by trampling under foot the spirit of grace, by despising reproof, and by "counting the blood of the covenant an unholy thing," was shewn to me in its proper light, together with all its unhappy consequences; the just vengeance of God hung over my devoted head; one hour previous I might have found mercy, now it was eternally too late. Still however, when any one during the day asked me, I told them I had nothing on my mind. The Bible was now a consistent book—consistent in my condemnation, I was alone inconsistent: I wondered how christians could have suffered me to be going the broad road, and yet never faithfully warn me of my danger. But now "the harvest was past, the summer was ended, and my soul was"—LOST. I felt in some little degree what was the value of the soul, and en-

deavoured in a feeble manner to warn others of their danger. It appeared to me mercy could reach every being in a state of probation but myself.

I did not doubt God's power to save—but it appeared to me that if any person in the world was to be damned, I was that person; none appeared so fit for it; none had sought for it so carefully; none so richly deserved it. I conversed with christians; they told of the boundless mercy and goodness of God—of his willingness to save even to the uttermost all that would come to him; but all was in vain with me, the “master of the house had risen and shut to the door.” Thus I passed comfortless days and sleepless nights: I went to christians and confessed how I had felt towards them, particularly those who in any measure endeavoured to do their duty to their fellow men.—I had tried to blacken the character of the Ministers of Christ, by every means in my power. With some I have had an opportunity to converse, and have made satisfaction as far as acknowledgment would do it; to others, particularly to Mr. Nettleton and Mr. Maffitt, I have had no opportunity to do it; if I had I certainly should have done it. And for fear I shall never see their faces in the flesh, I take this opportunity, thus publicly to declare, that the feelings of my heart toward them, and my conduct and conversation respecting them, were in the spirit of the Prince of Darkness, and that the hatred which I had towards them, was not for any evil they had done, but because they bore some resemblance to him they professed to serve. “The world loveth its own;” and had they been of the world I should not have hated them. In this situation of mind I remained till Thursday evening, with the exception of being obliged to own in the course of that day that I had something on my mind, which distressed me. On Thursday evening I went to meeting; but I was a stranger there; no comfort was there for me; I wished I was a christian, but knew no way to be one; I did not know how to repent. On Friday evening I went to the Conference room to meeting—what for I knew not; I did not expect to get any thing which would do me any good. I was past good; I was only waiting the execution of the just sentence of an offended God: Mr. Taylor preached from these words, “that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may appear guilty before God:” it was a sermon I had heard all the week—but he brought the subject to light in a clearer manner, shew-

ing the complete glory and beauty of the law of God, and the awful nature of man's transgression, in a manner which I cannot describe: I felt like a guilty rebel receiving the sentence of condemnation; every eye was turned on me—and to make my wretchedness complete, the congregation rose up and united in singing a hymn: could not rise it was beyond my power the beauty of the worship of God, the happiness of the saints, and all the enjoyment which I had irrecoverably lost, came across my mind like a torrent; there was a gulf fixed betwixt me and the righteous, as broad as the distance between heaven and hell; it was impassible also; the presence of Christ when he met his people was insufferable; it seemed to me if I could have sunk to the bottomless pit, I should have found company more congenial to my nature and disposition: in fine I believe I had some little idea how a sinner would feel in heaven without a *new heart*: another morning came, and with it came one new idea, that, as God had preserved my life through the week, possibly he might have mercy in store even for such a rebel as *now* then I began to pray, not only to pray myself, but I felt as if I wished every person who had any interest at the throne of grace would use it in my behalf, and be earned also. One of the brethren prayed with me a number of times; others I believe remembered me in their hearts, and carried my case to Him who is able to help; but my heart was exceeding hard, full of unbelief and pride. On Saturday evening I went to visit Mr. Thatcher: I had harboured a great enmity against his people, as I confessed my feelings to him and some of the brethren who were at his house, as he prayed with me;—I then left his house and went to a place where I had been in the habit of spending considerable time, hoping to find some of my old friends there to tell them the awful danger of their situation. I did find some of them, and I endeavoured to discharge the duty I had undertaken. After I had described as far as I was able the terror of God's wrath, I attempted to tell of a Saviour's love; it was something I had not felt, but as I spoke of it, *I felt it*: the plan of salvation by a Redeemer, the amazing love of God to a sinful world, was something beyond description Glorious: the children of God knew what it is; they have felt what I cannot describe, viz. the love of Christ. That night was a night of joy and peace to my soul. I “knew on whom I had believed. From that time till the present I cannot say but

ve at all times believed that he was faithful who had called me, though my own short comings are such, and my heart is so full of unbelief and prone to evil, that if his mercy was not infinite, I should have no hope; but it is, and he has declared, because I live ye shall live also."

These things I have stated because there has been so many reports respecting my case, (some made by these who merely mistook from wrong information, and meant well—some by those who did not mean to tell the truth themselves nor suffer to be told by others if they could help it,) that the public and particularly my christian brethren did not know what to depend upon.

Particulars I have not gone into, for I cannot do it on paper: but these are the outlines, and I commit this statement to the public, with a solemn reference to the day when God shall judge the secrets of men's hearts by Jesus Christ, hoping my enemies will conduct themselves in such a manner as to be able to answer, for both their actions and their motives to him that judgeth righteously; that they and I may meet in face at the right hand of God through the mercy of Jesus Christ, is the sincere prayer

A. B. GOLDSMITH.

New-Haven, July 16, 1821.

P. S. Thus, Mr. Editor, I have endeavored to state fairly and candidly the dealings of God with my soul, the apology I have made I think is sufficient, should any one think to the contrary, they will I hope give me, but before I leave the public, I would say a word respecting Capt. Augur's account of the affair, which has so publicly been declared to be a *falsehood*, "*having foundation in truth*," and accompanied with a threat of "*further investigation*," I would inform whom it may concern that there was an error in his statement, that the meeting was not got up as a mock conference; neither did the *main body* of the party consist of Infidels. But, to say that there was not Infidels there, is an assertion I dare not risk; one I know there was, a *real practical Infidel*," and others I believe there were, for his *practice* met no opposition from them, therefore taking into consideration the transactions of *that night*, and the transactions of *other nights* and *days*, which can be brought if a "*further investigation*" should be thought necessary must say that it is no slander to New-Haven to say, that it contains in it "*real practical Infidels*!"—The other statements in Capt. Augur's Letter are true.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bates, to a gentleman in the vicinity of Boston.

Middlebury College, July 20, 1821.

"Dear Sir,—Knowing the interest you feel in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, I have sat down this morning, to give you a brief statement of what will give joy and gladness to your heart. Indeed if there is joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth, well may we rejoice when souls flock unto Jesus, as doves to their windows. It is now about two months since a revival of religion commenced in College. It commenced with great power; it has however proceeded with stillness, but great solemnity. The work very soon spread into the village, and through the town. Nor did it stop here; but extended to the towns in the vicinity; and it still continues to spread in every direction. Already can we reckon fifteen towns within thirty miles, in which it may be said, there is a revival of religion. In some of them the work proceeds with majesty and power, displaying most obviously the riches of sovereign grace. Though the work has so recently commenced; yet no less than fifty or sixty may be found in several of these towns, rejoicing in hope, and furnishing good evidence that their hope is founded on the Rock of Ages. The effect upon College, has been exceedingly propitious. About two thirds of our students are now decidedly pious; and several others are unusually thoughtful, and some deeply impressed."

THE INDUCEMENTS TO A MISSIONARY LIFE, AND THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A MISSIONARY.

The following observations respecting the qualifications necessary for a missionary, appeared in the *American Missionary Register* for June. We think they are worthy of examination.

To leave home, and friends, and civilized society, for the good of the dying heathen, was once thought to evince a degree of self-denial and devotedness to God, almost super-human. Indeed there have been, and perhaps are still, some well-meaning but imprudent and thoughtless Christians, who with the utmost certainty could give to every Missionary a seat in the mansions of his Master. And sometimes they still more presumptuously assign him the *highest seat*. Perhaps it was then less inexcusable than now, for the work was considered so high and holy,

that none but those who were constrained by an inextinguishable love for souls would venture to engage in it. But lately these messengers of God have become so numerous, that this undue veneration has somewhat subsided; and having discovered that they are no more than human, in moments of self-complacency we have ventured to compare ourselves with them. Consequently when the inquiry is made "whom shall we send?" you hear from every quarter "here am I: send me." I say *consequently*, because I fear that this hasty answer (for it is sometimes hasty) is not so much the result of a careful consideration of our own character and qualifications, as of a comparison of ourselves with some missionary whom we have seen, which almost invariably results favourably to our dear *impartial* selves. I have feared that some of these intrepid I's might be running before they were sent.

By the way, I cannot forbear expressing my hope that, as there are numerous applicants, our Missionary Societies will be nice in their selections, and send out none but persons of sterling worth.

My fears both for myself and others have led to the collection of a few hints on "*Missionary qualifications*," which, if you choose, may occupy some corner in your paper.—You will find them distributed under the following queries:—

I. What induces to a missionary life?

II. What are the qualifications of a Missionary?

III. How shall he discover his field of labour.

IV. How should he employ himself before he goes?

I. What induces to this holy work? I marshal in the front ardent piety. He that would go with none is a *fool*. He that would go with little is probably deceived as to his motives—it is the name, or the company, or a restless spirit, or a discontented home that sends him. Let him be sure, therefore, that he has piety; then inquire how much. Examine (1.) As to *faith*. Is it steady? Has it become habitual? Has he learned to rest composedly upon the promises not only in good weather, but in seasons of difficulty and darkness? His trials will be great, and he should have learned to give implicit and unwavering credence to the word of God. And upon it to stake success, health, friends, comforts, and even life itself. (2.) as to *zeal*. Does it burn steadily or at intervals? It should not be the casual ebullitions of a heated imagination, but the steady glow of habitual devotedness. Its exertions should not be

the unfeeling mechanical exhibitions of one whose business is religion, but the tender expression of love to the soul—not loitering either in empty wishes and distant expectations, but active and efficient *now* to the extent of its opportunities. Undoubtedly he that wishes to evangelize the heathen, yet sits still at home, is deceived. It is not true zeal but concealed ambition. Also, as to his *self-denial*, spirituality, &c. &c.

2. I mentioned a correct scriptural view of the heathen world. Let him survey the field, and it is every Christian's duty to estimate the comparative necessities of every part. I think he will be convinced that labour is more important in heathen than in Christian lands. For (1.) the people here have heard the gospel, and in many cases may retain it among them if they will; *there* millions never have, and many it is probable never will, unless he carries the message. (2.) There the gloom is so awful and so universal that a single taper may be more distinctly seen, and more extensively beneficial than the concentrated rays of hundreds, in a land already enlightened. There are the strong holds of Satan, and every effort possible should be directed thither. (3.) For one who is willing to abandon friends and country for a heathen land, there are hundreds to sit down in the comforts of Christian and civilized society. This is *fact*, so that the trivial objection that charity begins at home is destitute of force. There is little danger of home's being neglected. (4.) The command to preach the Gospel to every creature still binds in all its force, and no Christian therefore is at liberty to sit down unless all have heard it.

I do not intend to intimate by this that the labours of faithful men at home are comparatively of little value. Some must stay, and they who do, may as effectually serve God and promote the interest of his church as they who go, first by converting the heathen around them, and then supporting those who may convert the heathen abroad. Frequently such a view of the antichristian world will excite,

3. An inextinguishable desire to become a Missionary. Many feel an occasional anxiety for the heathen, and an occasional wish to help them, but this is not enough. Let them have such a desire for mission as Columbus had for discovery, which nothing could abate until it had accomplished its purpose. Let it be like that which Pearce so painfully endeavoured to represent—like that which inspired Brainerd, Martyn, and others, especially Hans Egede who for thirteen years struggled against

very kind of opposition, both from friends and enemies, to visit the dreary shores of Greenland. (See Brown's History of Missions.) In conformity with this is the Moravian maxim, "Never to *persuade*, much less to *urge*, a man to engage in missions. It is necessary to mention,

4. A freedom from all such engagements sought to prevent, which is the last inducement I shall name. Here there is difficulty, and every case must be determined by itself. An aged widow mother, unprovided for, and unable to provide for herself, should not be left to beggary. But are the mere wishes of dear friends to detain him? I suppose not: because all have their friends, and the ties which unite them are in all cases strong. Now some must rend them, or the heathen must continue such, and why not I as well as any other? Nor is it any great matter. For wealth, parents, and children, are sometimes separated even during life; and whilst they are making money they endure the separation. Why not the same *for souls*? Friends should be consulted, but if we can be sure that God has called, let them hold their peace.

We are now prepared to inquire,

II. What are the qualifications of a Missionary? Piety is here presumed. Let him possess,

1. A good constitution. It is essential that there be health and strength to labour and endure fatigue. A missionary station is not the place for broken, or even very weak and delicate constitutions. He should be *able* as well as willing to endure hardships.

2. Industrious habits. If there are lazy Christians, let them stay at home. There is not room at those stations for habitual or even partial indolence, nor even for industry that is not efficient; for there are some always busy who yet accomplish nothing. He should know how to pass from one duty to another, easily and naturally, without wasting a moment.

3. Firmness and steadiness of mind. Not whimsical or fanciful, peevish or capricious, but patient persevering.—Not soon discouraged, nor easily diverted from his purpose; but amidst dangers, difficulties, oppositions, and disappointments, still unmoved. For this spirit of patient endurance nothing will compensate but a zeal so ardent as by its very intensity to prevail over all that opposes. Together they form the heroism which Mr. Ward inculcated—a perfect willingness not only to suffer, but to die, if required, for the Saviour's sake. Martyn had both.

4. Prudence. So as to adapt himself

to persons and circumstances—to devise proposed plans, and a proper time and way to execute them. At most stations one continually guilty of imprudencies would do more harm than good. His zeal being without knowledge, and his courage degenerating into rashness, he would speak when he should be silent, run where he was not called, drive when he should entice, and alienate when he ought to win. Better stay at home.—There he may apologize for his blunders, or they may be overlooked, but abroad the mischief would be irreparable.

5. *Commanding talents.* To the heathen he appears the representative of a Christian nation, and the herald and advocate of its religion, and as the ablest no doubt that could be sent; for so we regard ambassadors. His talents, therefore, as well as his piety, should be sterling. Piety however ardent, if conjoined with a mind but weak or uncultivated, would be a poor defence against the gigantic powers of Red Jacket, of the acute and subtile objections of the Indian or Persian philosophers. Men of common minds, it is true, have been eminently useful, but where there can be a choice, let us have all the talents we can get. Let me add, he should have learned to preach *without notes*.

6. Facility in acquiring languages.—This is essential to a foreign Missionary: though one or two in India from England entirely want it. Not necessary among our Indians.

7. Easy manners. Should feel at home among strangers, and make them easy in his presence. He would then more readily gain access to their feelings, and when the heart was open could cast in his seed. Haughty and repulsive, or even distant and reserved manners would be entirely unfit to conciliate heathen opposers or superstitious bigots.

8. A cheerful disposition. One predisposed to melancholy would be peculiarly unhappy where there is so much to try the faith and depress the spirits.—One naturally inclined to brood over his disappointments, and to magnify his trials, would make himself and others continually unhappy. A wife of this cast would be peculiarly unfit. Yet Brainerd was naturally of a melancholy temper.

9. I must not omit a deliberate consideration of the subject. In some cases, I fear the determination to become a Missionary has been too hastily formed. One looks on the bright side and is captivated. He should think of the stony ground hearers. "These are not the men we want, says

Mills, and I would, so far as in my power, prevent those from engaging who had not thought much upon the subject, and who were not prepared to endure all things for the elects' sake."

That God may direct inquirers is the prayer of

JUVENIS.

Princeton, June 21, 1821.

DOMESTIC MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MR. WHITING,

Sir—I have just finished reading the *Fifth Report of the Directors of the Domestic Missionary Society* of this State, for the year ending June 1821. There are some facts stated in this report with which every Christian in Connecticut should be made acquainted.

It appears by the report, that this state contains 210 churches of the congregational order. *Twenty-five* of these are (after the vacancies which will soon be supplied) destitute of a settled minister. Some of these churches and congregations need but *little aid* to enable them to support the ministry.

Five of these might get along on each receiving 250 dollars annually. It is estimated that 2750 dollars would enable *all* the destitute waste places in this State to enjoy, stately, the privileges of the Sabbath, the sanctuary and the sacraments. To furnish this sum there are 210 churches and congregations which on an equal division would average about 13 dollars to each. Or an annual contribution of 15 dollars from every congregational society in the State, would produce 3150 dollars: a sum adequate on the most liberal calculation to meet the existing demands to build up all the waste places of our beloved Zion.

It has been recommended to *each* church in the State to have a contribution on the first Sabbath in September next. To accomplish this benevolent purpose, it is to be wished that not an *exception* will be made by a single church. Let all throw into the Treasury of the Lord their *mite* as he hath proposed, and *it will be done*.

Last year it appears there were collections in 44 churches only.

OBITUARY.

NATHAN S. READ.

Died, on the 7th inst. on board the sloop *Eliza Nicoll*, on her passage from New Haven to Boston, NATHAN S. READ, in the 30 year of his age. He graduated at Yale College in 1811. While a member of College, he became a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, and united himself to the Church in College under the pastoral care of the Rev. President Dwight. From the time of his conversion, until the purposes of God concerning him were more fully manifested, he was extremely desirous of becoming a minister of Jesus Christ, and spared no pains to qualify himself to preach to others that gospel of the grace of God on which his

own hopes of salvation were founded. But God, who knows best how to dispose of his creatures, although his ways are often to us inscrutable, had, perhaps for the trial of his faith and patience, otherwise determined; he had other work for him to do. Mr. R. had a happy talent for instructing youth, and was successfully employed as principal of the Academies at Newbern, N. C.—at Washington, D. C.—and at Shepherdstown, Va. For several years before his death his health had been declining. In February 1819, he had a severe fit of sickness which brought him to the brink of the grave. In a letter to a friend after his recovery, he writes:—"In this interesting period, when the attenuated thread was parting, and life trembled in the socket, I have reason to thank God that death brought no terrors to me. In reviewing my past life I found many sins to lament, and a want of faith, of love, and of faithfulness to deplore: yet still I found a peace within, of which the world knows nothing,—it was peace of conscience; I felt a joy to which the world is a stranger—I trust it was joy in the Holy Ghost."

Mr. R. took a passage in the *Eliza Nicoll* for the benefit of his health. The Capt. of the *E. N.* writes from Edgartown, Aug. 8, "he died yesterday morning at 1 o'clock in a fit, in less than 10 minutes after conversing with a passenger, without a struggle." The clergyman who attended his funeral, writes, under the same date: "On the 7th at 1 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Nathan S. Read, had, I humbly conceive, a paralytic shock on the heart, and expired immediately. He has left a disconsolate widow to mourn, not his death only, but the death of all her children, three in number, the last of which was carried to the grave only six weeks before the death of its father. If Mr. R. had some failings, ("for there is no man that sinneth not,") he had many amiable qualities, which endeared him to all his friends; if he had a few enemies, he had many friends and was generally well beloved by all who knew him. The doctrines of salvation by grace as they are taught us in the New Testament, he believed and defended against the cavils of unbelievers, and when he discovered any of his acquaintance inclining to embrace the universal or socinian heresies, he spared no pains to convince them of their errors.

From the Boston Recorder.

"THE CHRISTIAN ALMANACK."

Mr Willis.—Understanding that the little manual above named, is about to be published for the next year, I send you the following anecdote respecting the one now in the hands of the public. The anecdote is taken from the *Evangelical Monitor*, printed at Woodstock, Vt. and may interest some of your readers.

"A professed follower of Christ in Vermont, who had been excluded from the means of knowing the wonders which God

is working, through the instrumentality of the various benevolent societies which have within a few years arisen in their united strength, to diffuse the light of divine truth into the dark corners of the earth, purchased the Christian Almanack, being struck with the title as peculiarly appropriate to his profession, and read it with wonder and astonishment. Soon after, a religious friend called at his house when he immediately presented the Almanack, and the following conversation, for substance, passed between them.—“Have you seen this Almanack?” “No.” “Well I am *astonished!*” “Astonished! at what?” “Why I am *astonished!*” “What have you found in your Almanack?” “Why the world is all *awake*, and engaged to extend the blessings of the Gospel to millions of perishing heathen in all parts of the globe; while I have been asleep all my days, and have done nothing. But I am fully resolved to cast my mite into the Treasury of the Lord.”

The foregoing reminds us of an interesting fact which has given us many *pleasing sensations*; and which in addition to those of a more general character, proves the utility of the circulation of religious publications. Old Mr. ———, says a correspondent, at the age of 70, has become a subject of Grace by reading your paper. He subscribed for it to please his wife, who is a member of our church. At first he read it to please her and he soon became interested in the wonderful things which God is doing. He reflected that the world was all awake—and he had lived 70 years and had never done any thing to promote the cause of Christ. The thought distressed him, and he was brought under deep conviction. He now, says the writer, will stand and watch for the mail, and when he gets the *Intelligencer* will leave all business and set down and read and cry over it.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

“I will not let thee go except thou bless me”

At the commencement of the revival in this place, some of the brethren were so earnest in prayer that they prayed all night. These prayers, we believe, were answered. One young man not long since, left a note on the

table of his companion, who was apparently thoughtless, informing him that he had retired to a secret place where he should spend the whole night in prayer for *him*. He had a sleepless night. In a neighbouring town, three or four ardent souls spent most of the night in special prayer for some of their companions. The next morning, three that were identified in their prayers, who till then were stupid, and who knew nothing of the concert, were under deep conviction. In another place a man who had been for some time distressed for his sins asked a christian friend to pray for him. Do you wish me to pray all night for you? Yes, said the penitent. A young lady present agreed to join in the concert. The awakened sinner retired and tried to pray himself, but found no comfort. He went to bed but he could not sleep. He got up and went to the barn and staid till morning in *darkness*. When the morning appeared he was almost in despair. As the sun arose he left the barn; there, said he, they have done praying and I am lost forever. The moment he let go of this *twig* on which he was depending, the Saviour received him, and he went to his house rejoicing in hope.

POETRY.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

MISSIONARY ZEAL.

BORN in a land of gospel light,
Where rays of righteousness have shone,
We cast a thought to fields of night,
Where souls in darkness are undone.

To Afric's drear and desert land,
Our lib'ral minds with swiftness rove,
Fain would we gain a mission land,
And fly to yonder desert grove.

Though cares of life retard our flight,
And we reside in peaceful home;
With gladness, we'll bestow our mite
On those, who in the desert roam.

O! fly ye soldiers of the cross
To yonder dark and dreary shore;
Ye, who have counted all things loss,
Lest heathen sink to rise no more!

Proclaim the honours of your God,
And run with joy the heavenly race,
Then shall ye fly to his abode,
And there behold his smiling face.

G.

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